

Symphony No. 3 in C minor, Opus 78 of Camille Saint-Saëns
(Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, Fremaux, conductor; Robinson,
organist; WNCN)

Human nature and the human mind and the former does not create aesthetic forms because human nature is identity oriented and self-ish and is what it is because it concerns itself primarily with the living members of the species in the sense that they form a kind of audience and therefore human nature is bound by considerations of time and space. Similarly human nature does not create aesthetic forms because human nature relies on memory alone as a structuring principle and aesthetic forms are it goes without saying not created by utilizing subjective structuring principles. The human mind on the other hand is neither identity bound nor is it self-ish and this is true because the human mind is not bound by considerations of time and space. That this is true is easily proved because all one need do is to consider a work of art for example the Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D minor of Sibelius. The human mind does not rely on subjective communicating-structures like memory but rather relies on objective forms and works of art are non-subjective communicating-structures. To rely on subjective communicating-structures means of course that one can communicate only with the living members of the species and to rely on objective communicating-structures means of course that one can communicate with those members of the species who were and at the same time with those members of the species who will be. Those who utilize subjective structures are "moulders" and the vast majority of men and women and antelopes and wolverines and of course other animals as well are moulders. Splitting and moulding and ". . . Once is a hundred years I open my lips to speak, and my voice intones dolefully in the void, but no one listens. And you, pale will-o'-the-wisps, you hear me not. . . Before daybreak the moldy marsh produces you, and you wisp about until dawn, but without thought, without will, without the throb of life. For fear that life may flare up in you, the father of eternal matter, the devil, keeps the rocks, the rivers and your momentary atomic composition in continual flux, and you are ceaselessly changing. In the entire universe, there is but one immovable, immutable soul. (Pause). . . " And the time is two hundred thousand years hence in future time. The curtain rises.

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